SEELEY • CASELLI • LEISTER • RUSSELL • CRANK

HACK/SLASH™

KILL YOUR IDOLS

image

ONE-SHOT

20 BLOODY YEARS

2004-2024

HACK/SLASH™
KILL YOUR iDOLS

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"THEY CALL IT *POCKET BEACH.*

"THERE'S A RESORT NEARBY. COTTAGE GLAMPING TYPE STUFF.

"SO, THERE'S A PAIR OF TEENAGERS THERE, EACH ON VACATION WITH THEIR OWN PARENTS. THEY MEET AT ONE OF THOSE RESORT EVENTS. HAYRIDE OR GOLF CART RODEO, I DUNNO.

"ANYWAY, HORMONES CATCH FIRE. MAYBE HE'S NOT 'MR. RIGHT,' BUT HE'S DEFINTELY 'MR. BETTER THAN PLAYING PINOCHLE WITH MOM.'

"THERE'S SOME WATER AND SOME NAKEDNESS. SOME EXCITED YOUNG *YADDA, YADDA, YADDA.*

"AND THEN! SCREAMS! OH NO! SOMEONE DIES WELL BEFORE THEIR TIME! THE TRAGEDY! BLOOD, BLOOD, BLOOD.

ROW-DEE-TOW.

ROW-DEE-TOW.

ROW-DEE-TOW.

"AND THE *POCKET BEACH PENETRATOR* TAKES HIS FIRST VICTIMS!"

HACK/SLASH: KILL YOUR IDOLS

part 1

by Seeley, Caselli, Russel, and crank!

PENETRATOR? JESUS. THEY'RE RUNNING OUT OF SLASHER NAMES. THEY SHOULD JUST GET IT OVER WITH AND NAME THEM LIKE HURRICANES.

THIS COULD BE "SLASHER DENISE."

HRRM.

ANYWAY, THE RESORT OWNER FIGHTS SHUTTING DOWN HIS MONEYMAKER, AND SINCE HE'S A BIG DONOR TO THE MAYOR, THE POLICE COVER IT UP, AND...

=AHEM= I HAVE NO PAPER.

PORTLAND PRESS GAZETTE

...DER IN POCKET

CHRIST OFF THE TURNBUCKLE, VLAD!

THAT WAS NOT ME, CASSANDRA. BEAR SHIT HERE, I THINK.

BEAR WHO EATS EGGS.

IN ANY CASE, BASED ON THE ATTACK SITES, AND IN RESPONSE TO THE BAIT I LAID FOR OUR SCUBA-DIVING KNIFE NUT, WE SHOULD BE GETTING PENETRATED RIGHT ABOUT...

CHAK

...NOW.

RRRH. ROW-DEE-TOW...

CRASH

HRM. THIS IS VERY MUCH LIKE MY MASK, NOZ COPYRIGHT INFRINGEMENT IS BIG CRIME.

POW

THIS IS ME SENDING CEASE AND DESIST!

RRRH.

ALL THE REAL "BACK FROM THE DEAD" KILLERS ARE GONE.

SO, EITHER YOU'RE SOME KIND OF COPYCAT FAN-BOY, OR RUN-OF-THE-MILL RURAL PSYCHO.

SPLAK SPLAK SPLAK

MEH, IT ALL COMES OUT IN THE WASH.

ON TO "SLASHER EVELYN".

MAYBE WE FIND THAT TERRIBLE EGG-EATING BEAR.

RRH. ROW...

ROW-DEE-TOW. ROW-DEE-TOW. ROW-DEE-TOW.

THE FUUUUUUU--

LOOK, ***ANJELICA***, HERE'S THE THING: VLAD AND I ENDED THE SLASHER BLOODLINE.

HUNTED DOWN EVERY LAST ONE FROM MY MOM TO THE ***TIN WOODSMAN***. WE KILLED THE WHOLE ***BLACK LAMP SOCIETY***. KAPUT. NO MORE.

SO, HOW THE HELL DO I HAVE AN HONEST TO GODDAMN GOODNESS ***SLASHER REFUSING TO DIE?***

IN MAINE OF ALL PLACES?!

J... JOHNNY... JOHNNY ARMSTRONG... KILL.

SORRY. YOU USED TO DATE A LATE NIGHT CALL-IN SHOW HOST SO I ASSUMED YOU'RE USED TO INSANE VENTING.

KILL KILL K--

SHNK

WAIT, ANJELICA. BEFORE I LET YOU GO. VLAD WANTS TO KNOW...

...DOES THE NAME "JOHNNY ARMSTRONG" MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

PLP

SO, IT'S LATER. AFTER ANJELICA HAS BORROWED HER NEIGHBOR'S PHONE.

WOK NOK

AFTER WE'VE DRIVEN ACROSS THE COUNTRY TO **CHICAGO** BECAUSE SHE BREATHLESSLY SENT US THERE.

HELLO? MR. ARMSTRONG? WE WERE HOPING TO ASK YOU QUESTIONS.

VERY LITTLE QUESTIONS. NICE QUESTIONS.

COME ON. THE GUY'S A ***WORLD WAR II*** VET. HE'S GOTTA BE, LIKE, A HUNDRED.

YA GOTTA BE LOUDER.

HEY! SUPERPATRIOT!

THREAT DETECTED.

ANJELICA WAS A FORMER SUPERVILLAN NAMED **SISTER SACRILEGE**, SO I WASN'T TOO SURPRISED WHEN SHE SAID ARMSTRONG WAS A FORMER SUPERHERO.

SHE FAILED TO MENTION HE WAS ALSO A SUPER-BAD-ASS-KILLER-CYBORG.

NEXT! You had to ask?!

IF YOU'RE JUST JOINING US, WELL, YOU MISSED THE PART OF THE STORY WITH THE HALF-NAKED TEENAGERS AND THE KNIFE-WIELDING MANIAC.

SORRY.

ON THE OTHER HAND, YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO SEE VLAD USE HIS KNOWLEDGE OF HIS HOMETOWN, CHICAGO, TO FIND US AN INSTAGRAM-READY, ABANDONED "HOME FOR CHILDREN" TO DUCK INTO.

YEAH, I WOULDA BEEN HAPPY WITH A BUSY WAL-MART, BUT VLAD IS NOTHING IF NOT "ON BRAND."

CASSANDRA! HERE!

WHY ARE WE RUNNING, YOU ASK?

OH, WELL, WE DROPPED IN ON AN OLD GUY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. HE GOT SPOOKED AND ASSUMED WE WERE THERE FOR NEFARIOUS REASONS.

TO BE FAIR, LOOK AT US.

OH, AND ALSO, THE OLD GUY IS **THIS.**

A **WORLD WAR II** SUPERHERO TURNED INTO A HIGH TECH NIGHTMARE THAT WOULD GIVE ELON MUSK A CREEPY BILLIONAIRE CHUB.

THREAT DETECTED.

HACK/SLASH: KILL YOUR IDOLS part 2

by Seeley, Caselli, Russel, and crank!

ANALYSIS?

BOINK

ELIMINATE THREAT.

BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

WELL, IF THAT ISN'T A NICE LITTLE PREVIEW OF WHAT'S COMING FOR US, I DUNNO WHAT IS.

SO, WE GO HARD.

ANTICIPATION OF POTENTIAL HOLE-IFICATION WILL DO THAT TO A PERSON.

PWAK

THREAT DETECTED.

IONIC AIR SAMPLES INDICATE THREAT DESIGNATE: ***CYBERFACE.***

CYBERFACE? WHAT IS CYBERFACE?

SOUNDS VERY COOL!!

SNN...

...RRT?

UH... COMPUTER? WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? WHY IS THIS WEIRD KID SHOUTING IN MY FACE?

CATALOGUED THREAT DETECTED. EVASIVE DEFENSE MANEUVERS NECESSARY.

RAAAH!

PTANG

WELL, YOU COULD HAVE WOKEN ME UP FIRST.

NOW, KID, BEFORE WE GET TO WHY YOU'RE DRESSED FOR A NAZI MUSTARD GAS ATTACK...

...LET'S FIGURE OUT WHY MY SENSORS ARE READING YOU AS THE FORMER LIEUTENANT MAFIOSO OF THE *VICIOUS CIRCLE.*

OH. THAT SOUNDS BAD ACTUALLY, YES?

SAMPLE: BLOOD. INDICATIVE OF--

YAAAH!

THUNK

LIKE I SAID... WE WENT HARD.

THAT BLADE. WHERE DID YOU GET IT?

OH. =AHEM= A SLASHER. IN MAINE OF ALL PLACES.

BLOOD SAMPLES CORROBORATE STATEMENT.

ANJELICA-- =AHEM=--***SISTER SACRILEGE*** TOLD US YOU MIGHT KNOW SOMETHING.

I DO. COMPUTER, CALL IN TRANSPORT NOW. ***CYBERFORCE*** STILL OWES ME A FAVOR.

I'M GOING TO NEED YOU BOTH TO COME WITH ME, BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE TIME TO EXPLAIN TO THE TRIGGER-HAPPY CPD WHY I SHOT AT YOU.

AND, YOU'RE LIKELY TO ZONK OUT SO YOU NEED US TO KEEP YOUR OLD ASS AWAKE.

HEY, I'M A 97-YEAR-OLD VETERAN. HAVE SOME RESPECT.

BUT... YES.

SWAWWW

ANYWAY, KEEP YOUR ARMS TO YOUR SIDES, KIDS.

AHHH!

AHHHH!

SWAHNNNN

AHHH!

AHHHH!

CASSIE AND VLAD, WELCOME TO THE CAPITAL OF A FALLEN, CORRUPTED EMPIRE. OR, AS THE LOCALS CALL IT... WASHINGTON, DC.

OH FUUUGHH.

WE ARE MAYBE NOT KNOWING WHAT THIS IS ABOUT.

WHAT DID THE KNIFE TELL YOU?

IT'S NOT A KNIFE. IT'S A BAYONET.

IT BELONGED TO A SUPERHERO BY THE NAME OF THE BLUE COAT.

I KNEW HIM WHEN WE WERE BOTH MEMBERS OF THE SIX SONS OF SAM IN THE '60S... BEFORE THAT NUT IN NEW YORK RUINED THE NAME.

ANYWAY, HE'S DEAD. BUT THEN, SO WAS CYBERFACE, AND MY INTERNAL COMPUTER RECOGNIZED SOME OF THE SAME UNUSUAL CHEMICAL COMPONENTS IN THE BLOOD ON YOUR MACHETE THAT USED TO RUN THROUGH HIS VEINS.

SISTER SACRILEGE WOULDN'T HAVE SENT YOU TO ME IF SHE THOUGHT YOU COULDN'T HANDLE GOING DOWN THE WORMHOLE.

YOU CLEARLY HAVE SOME EXPERIENCE FIGHTING THE UNDEAD.

BUT THIS ISN'T THE USUAL VAMPIRE VOODOO CRAP.

"WHEN IT COMES TO SUPERHEROES, THE UNDEAD ALMOST ALWAYS MEAN *PROJECT: BORN AGAIN.*

INTRUDER ALERT.

ACTIVATING *ROAM OPERATING SYSTEM.*

"IF BORN AGAIN IS ACTIVE...

"IT MEANS *CABBOT* IS RECRUITING NEW MEMBERS FOR *BLOODSTRIKE.*"

NEXT! Rub the BLOOD!

INTRUDER ALERT.

SECRET TRILLION-DOLLAR MILITARY LABS. TELEPORTATION BEAMS THAT RAIN DOWN FROM THE SKY. PATRIOTIC SUPER-CYBORGS.

YOU COULD SAY ALL OF THAT STUFF IS A LITTLE BIT OUTSIDE MY SPECIALTY.

BUT UNDEAD PSYCHOS IN MASKS?

ALL THE WAY UP MY ALLEY.

ACTIVATED: AGENT *SHOGUN*.

ACTIVATED: AGENT *DEADLOCK*.

ACTIVATED: AGENT *FOURPLAY*.

ACTIVATED: AGENT *TAG*.

ACTIVATED: *BLOODSTRIKE*

WHEN YOUR CAREER CENTERS AROUND HUNTING THINGS LIKE THIS DOWN, LIKE MINE AND VLAD'S DOES, YOU TAKE YOUR FRIENDS WHERE YOU CAN FIND THEM...

HACK/SLASH: KILL YOUR IDOLS

part 3

by Seeley, Caselli, Russel, and crank!

LIKE SUPERPATRIOT FOR INSTANCE.

I'M OUT OF ACTION FOR GOD KNOWS HOW LONG, AND MY FIRST DANCE PARTNER IS AN *OLD MAN?*

SAD.

YOU WANNA DANCE, SISTER?

I'M ALL HANDS.

KRAK

SO YOU CAN MATCH FOURPLAY IN APPENDAGES.

BRRRRAAPPPPP

I'M A LITTLE BETTER ARMED.

HNH... FUH...

KID. C'MON...

...SERIOUSLY?

KLIK KLAK

CHAKKA CHAKKA CHAKKA CHAKKA CHAKKA

YOU GOTTA KNOW WHO YOU'RE DEALING WITH.

I'VE SEEN SOME *DUMB* SLASHER MASKS, BUT YOURS WINS THE GRAND PRIZE, HEAD-FLAPS.

HMM. I LIKE YOU. YOU GOT SOME *CRAZY* IN YOUR EYES.

THINK I'LL *TAKE* 'EM--

GAH!

SHLK

SONOVA-- THAT WAS MY *FAVORITE LIMB!*

HE WOULD MAKE GOOD **DOLLAR STORE** ACTION FIGURE, YES?

SPLT

AND *YOU'D* MAKE A REAL UGLY STATUE.

TAG.

NOW ABOUT THEM EYES...

BLOODSTRIKE!

THIS IS AN OFFICIAL RETROGRADE SITUATION!

PICK UP YOUR BODY PARTS AND FALL BACK!

WAIT, SERIOUSLY?

AW, C'MON, *CABBOT!* I GOT VENGEANCE WAITIN'!

THEY INVADED OUR COMPOUND! *THEY* STARTED IT!

AND *I'M* ENDING IT!

COOL YOUR ASSES DOWN IN THE REGENERATION PODS, AND SEW THOSE LIPS UP LIKE A DAMN MORTICIAN.

AW, MAAAAAN.

HURR. IT IS COMING TOWARDS US AND IT IS *VERY* BIG.

CABBOT.

SUPERPATRIOT.

YOU SON OF A BITCH.

ALWAYS A PLEASURE, OLD MAN.

YOU BRING YOUR GREAT-GRANDKIDS?

THAT'S *CASSIE* AND *VLAD*. THEY HUNT *MICHAELS* AND *JASONS*, APPARENTLY.

NOT A MOVIE GUY, BUT I GET THE IDEA.

SHE LOOKS LIKE...

I KNOW. WHY DO YOU THINK I DRAGGED A BUNCH OF DUMB KIDS ALL THE WAY TO THIS CESSPOOL?

BUT WE'LL GET TO THAT LATER.

CABB... I NEED TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO *BLUE COAT*.

BLUE COAT. CRAP, MAN. I MEAN... THAT'S A STORY.

HE GOT IN HERE... A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO NOW. INFILTRATED BY DRESSING UP AS ONE OF THE *PROJECT: BORN AGAIN* TECHS.

"RIPPED UP EQUIPMENT, SMASHED SOME REANIMATION PODS, TOOK DOWN SOME EXECUTIVES, SINGING THAT SONG OF HIS THE ENTIRE TIME. HE SAID HE WAS TRYING TO SAVE ME.

"AND I... I FOLLOWED ORDERS."

I SHOT HIM.

HE WAS IN BAD SHAPE, BUT SO WAS THE PROJECT.

WE GOT SHUTTERED TO AVOID BAD PRESS, AND THEN THE NEXT ADMINISTRATION MOTHBALLED US.

I HOPE BLUE COAT LIVED.

HE DIDN'T. HE DIED AND SHOWED UP AT A SUMMER CAMP TRYING TO STAB VIRGINS.

BUT WE *UN*-UNDEADED HIM.

BC BEING HERE EXPLAINS THE *BORN AGAIN* RESIDUE I DETECTED. BUT THE PROCESS IS INTENSIVE. THAT WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH TO TURN HIM INTO A MINDLESS ZOMBIE, RIGHT?

NO. AND IT'D TAKE A LOT OF VOODOO TO DO THAT TO A GOOD GUY LIKE AL.

CABB... REMEMBER HOW MAD *SHE* WAS WHEN YOU WENT MILITARY. HOW DISGUSTED SHE WAS WITH THE GROUPS THAT CAME AFTER US. THE "YOUNG BLOOD."

YEAH. AND SPEAKING OF VOODOO...

HEY, *FLAG-CROTCH* AND *FRANKEN-RAMBO!*

SOME OF US WEREN'T MEMBERS OF YOUR LITTLE *SUPER-CLUB!* WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

WE NEED TO FIND *SYBIL THE SUN SORCERESS.*

AND TO DO THAT, WE MIGHT NEED TO FIND *SHADOWHAWK* AND *DAMN IT JANE* FIRST.

WAIT... WHAT?

CASSANDRA... YOU *WERE* A MEMBER OF THEIR SUPER-CLUB!

NEXT! Doppelgänger!

UPPER MANHATTAN.

WE CAN'T DO BETTER THAN THIS?

HACK/SLASH: KILL YOUR IDOLS

part 4

by Seeley, Caselli, Russel, and crank!

I MEAN, VLAD AND I ARE USED TO DUMPS, BUT YOU TWO USED TO BE BIG TIME PATRIOTIC HEROES OR WHATEVER, CABBOT.

YOU PROPOSE WE STAY AT THE RITZ CARLTON AND ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF EVERY INFLUENCER WITH A CELL PHONE?

I MEAN, HAVE YOU SEEN *VLAD* AND *SUPERPATRIOT*? NO OFFENCE, JOHNNY. OR VLAD.

YES! I TOLD YOU SO! WE HAVE WIFEY! BRING ON KOREAN GIRLS EATING A LOT OF FOOD!

HEH, AND HERE I THOUGHT I WAS ONLY GOOD AS A WEAPON OF MASS DESTRUCTION.

WE'LL START THE HUNT FOR *SYBIL* TOMORROW. I KNOW A LOOKER OF AN NYPD DETECTIVE WHO SPECIALIZES IN MAGIC STUFF. UNTIL THEN? CHILL, CASSIE.

CHILL. EASY FOR A REANIMATED SIDE OF BEEF WITH A GUN BARREL STICKING OUT OF EVERY AVAILABLE ORIFICE TO SAY.

IT SMELLS LIKE TESTOSTERONE IN HERE. I'M GETTING SOME AIR.

CABBOT **KNOWS** WHAT HE IS. HE DOES WHAT HE'S **TOLD**, UNLESS IT'S **PERSONAL.** THEN HE'S A CALCULATED **REVENGE** MACHINE.

CLASSIC TOUGH GUY STORY.

I **USED** TO HAVE A STORY. I KNEW I HAD TO HUNT **SLASHERS**, BECAUSE **MY MOM** WAS ONE. BECAUSE SHE MURDERED IN **MY** NAME.

BUT VLAD AND I **ENDED** THAT STORY.

AND NOW? I'M DRAGGING ALONG BEHIND "SUPERHEROES", INCREASINGLY AWARE I'M **WAY OUT OF MY LEAGUE**, AND THAT THIS ISN'T A JOB FOR ME AT ALL EXCEPT...

"**DAMN IT JANE**". SOME LAB ASSISTANT WITH SUPERPOWERS THAT HUNG OUT WITH "THE SIX SONS OF SAM" IN THE DAYS OF BELLBOTTOMS AND CHEAP WEED.

SHE HAD MY **FACE**, IF NOT MY **FASHION SENSE.**

NEITHER CABBOT NOR JOHNNY HAD MUCH TO SAY ABOUT HER STORY, EXCEPT TO LOOK CONCERNED... NO...

...**FUCKING SCARED.**

WHICH LEADS ME TO WONDER WHAT KIND OF **HORRORSHOW** HAVE I WALKED VLAD AND MYSELF INTO **NOW?**

AH, SHIT SNACKS!

SLASH

I HEARD HIM. LAST QUARTER OF A SECOND. A SLIGHT TINKLE OF METAL. LIKE RAZORBLADES FALLING ON GLASS.

I KNEW YOU'D BE BACK, **HATFIELD!**

BUT THERE'S ONLY **ONE** HAWK'S SHADOW IN MANHATTAN, AND IT'S **MINE!**

HAWK'S SHADOW SOUNDS AN AWFUL LOT LIKE **SHADOWHAWK**, ONE OF THE OTHER SIX SONS.

ANOTHER SUPERHERO SEEING WHAT'S NOT THERE, ON A MURDER SPREE, JUST LIKE **"THE PENETRATOR."**

AT LEAST THIS ONE DOESN'T HAVE A STUPID **THEME SONG.**

BUT IT MEANS HE'S DEAD, JUST LIKE BLUE COAT.

AW, MAN! I CAN'T--

IT MEANS NO ONE WILL MIND IF RETURN HIM TO HIS NATURAL STATE.

PWANG

WHILE I'M ON HIS LEATHER CLAD ASS, FEELING MY FINGERS TINGLE EACH TIME I HIT THAT FANCY SILVER HELMET, I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL RELIEVED..

KLANG KLANG

...'CUZ AT LEAST I KNOW HOW THIS PLOTLINE ENDS.

RAAAH!

HE'S NOT *UNDEAD!* TRUST ME, I KNOW MY OWN! STAND THE HELL DOWN!

SHE WILL NOT LISTEN TO ORDERS!

SHE JUST NEEDS HAND TO GUIDE HER BACK.

SHADOWHAWK? LOOK, I KNEW LUKE HATFIELD--

HATFIELD?

AGAIN. THAT TINKLE OF RAZORBLADES.

NO!

WAIT! ***HATFIELD SR.,*** YOU PARANOID NUT, NOT HIS PSYCHO KID--!

AND THEN SOMETHING THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE SHRIEK OF A FALCON GETTING RUN OVER BY A DIAL UP MODEM.

HNH!

ZZRAK

AAAHK!

YOU... YOU AREN'T ***HAWK'S SHADOW.***

YEAH, NO SHIT. AND YOU DEFINITELY DON'T PLAY WELL WITH JOHNNY.

I--SOMETHING WAS WRONG WITH THE ***HELMET OF HERU.*** IT WAS TELLING ME LIES... UNTIL IT... *UH...* INTERACTED WITH MR. PATRIOT...

ZZK. THE METAL... MYSTICAL OR SUPER HIGH-TECH, OR BOTH... IT CONTAINED DATA...

FZK. YOU WERE FED IMAGES, KID. COMPELLED TO TAKE US DOWN BEFORE WE GOT TOO CLOSE.

BY WHO, JOHN? SYBIL? JANE? FRIGGIN' *DARKTHORNE?*

I... I DON'T KNOW. BUT I FOLLOWED THE "SIGNALS" BACK.

I'VE GOT A SOURCE. I'VE GOT A LOCATION.

I-I CAN SEE THROUGH SOMEONE ELSE'S EYES.

AN IMAGE OF SUPERHEROES.

"A VERY DARK IMAGE."

TO BE CONTINUED...

I REALLY SHOULDN'T BE HERE, HONESTLY.

AND, LOOK, THAT'S NOT EXACTLY NEW FOR ME. I'VE FELT THAT WAY FOR HALF MY LIFE.

I GUESS THAT COMES WITH THE TERRITORY AFTER MY SUPER POSSESSIVE MOM COOKED THE CLASSMATES THAT WERE BULLYING ME AND SERVED THEM AS SCHOOL LUNCH.

I'M SURE THE FACT THAT SHE CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD, FORCING ME TO KILL HER TEEN-SLASHING ASS DIDN'T REALLY HELP WITH THE WHOLE "FITTING IN" THING.

I MEAN, SURE, I'VE GOT VLAD. AND WE CAN HANG ALL RIGHT.

BUT **CABBOT, SUPERPATRIOT,** AND **SHADOWHAWK?** THEY'RE... WELL, THERE'S JUST NO WAY TO SAY FORMER MEMBERS OF A PATRIOTIC SUPERTEAM WITHOUT SOUNDING KINDA FUCKIN' STUPID.

YEAH, WE DON'T HAVE TOO MUCH TO TALK ABOUT.

STEADY. LET 'EM COME TO US.

ATTACK!!

WELL, EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT VLAD AND I TOOK DOWN A SLASHER WHO HAPPENED TO BE PART OF THE CREW BACK IN THE DAY.

ALSO SHADOWHAWK'S HELMET GOT FUSED WITH SUPERPATRIOT'S HARDWARE AND SHOWED US THAT WE WERE BEING TARGETED FOR ASSASSINATION.

SO WE HOPPED A TELEPORTATION BEAM AND LANDED IN A RUSTY LAIR SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC.

THAT WE DO TALK ABOUT.

HACK/SLASH:
KILL YOUR IDOLS
part 5

by Seeley, Leister, Russel, and crank!

AND, WE ALSO MAKE PLANS.

WE GOOD, PARTNER?

YES, CASSANDRA. GO. I HAVE MADE YOU A HOLE, YES?

ALSO, ONE IN THIS SUPER-PERSON.

YOU LEFT YERSELF WIDE OPEN...

...AND NOW I'M GONNA CUT YA THAT WAY.

HRM. BLADE AS HANDS IS NOT SO DIFFERENT THAN BLADES IN HANDS. AND FOR THAT, I AM VERY WELL PRACTICED, YES?

DON'T MATTER NONE.

THEY DON' CALL ME *ALLBLADE* FOR NOTHIN'.

SHIG

WAIT. I KNOW THIS GUY.

I MEAN, NOT PERSONALLY.

KRAK

I HAD HIS ROOKIE TRADING CARD FROM THE *IMAGES OF HEROES* SET WHEN I WAS A KID.

STORM FORCE MAYBE?

FORCE STORM. THIS WAS THEIR ORBITAL HEADQUARTERS BEFORE IT GOT BROUGHT DOWN BY *DARKLORD.*

AND *BLOODSPRAY* HERE WAS IN THE *GOD TIER.*

THOK THOK THOK

EMPHASIS ON THE 'WAS."

BECAUSE ALL OF THESE WANNABES AND WOULD-BES WERE KILLED IN THE LINE OF DUTY YEARS AGO, AFTER THE "HERO SURGE."

AND FINALLY, YOU SEE THE *LIGHT.*

GAH!

THE LIGHT... IT WENT ONLY FOR OUR EYES, NOT THE SLASHER-HEROES.

YEP. "*THE FLASH OF FAITH.*" I'D KNOW THAT HOODOO ANYWHERE...

SYBIL, THE SUN SORCERESS.

HI, JOHNNY.

BECAUSE OF YOU AND CABBOT, AND THE CHOICES YOU MADE, SUPERHEROES LOST THEIR WAY.

BECAUSE OF YOU, MY DARLING *BLUECOAT* DIED... TRYING TO SAVE YOU FROM THIS UNLIVING NIGHTMARE YOU ALLOWED YOURSELF TO BECOME.

AND SO I HAD TO BRING HIM BACK. BUT IT DIDN'T WORK RIGHT. HE WAS A WEAPON JUST LIKE YOU.

SO I MADE MORE WEAPONS. ALL THESE "HEROES" UNFIT FOR THE JOB, DYING IN INCREDIBLE NUMBERS, SPILLING THEIR YOUNG BLOOD FOR THEIR OWN GLORY.

WEAPONS THAT WILL KEEP ON COMING UNTIL YOU'RE ALL AS DEAD AS THEY ARE.

I USED TO LOVE YOU ALL IN THE ***SIX SONS OF SAM*** DAYS.

BUT YOU CHANGED. NOW YOU DESERVE ETERNAL DARKNESS.

I REALLY SHOULDN'T BE HERE, HONESTLY.

THIS IS SUPERHERO STUFF. COMPLICATED ORIGINS AND MORALIZING AND BIG SLUGFESTS.

*BUT I GUESS THAT'S WHY CABBOT GAVE ME **THIS** GRIM LITTLE JOB. THE ATTACK OUT OF THE SHADOWS FOLLOWED BY THE SCREAMS AND BLOOD.*

*BECAUSE **HORROR** IS WHERE I FEEL **AT HOME.***

TO BE CONTINUED...

AIIEGH!

SCREAMS AND BLOOD.

LIKE I SAID, IT'S WHERE I'M AT HOME.

EVEN IF WHERE I AM IS A CRASHED ORBITAL SUPERTEAM BASE SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN STANDING OVER A DEAD JEEBUS-WITCH WHOSE HEYDAY WAS 1968...

SKISSSIT

SYBIL'S MAGIC IS EFFING WITH *ROAM!* TELEPORTING AND COMMS ARE OFFLINE! WE'RE ON OUR--*OW!*

SHLIKT

...WHILE TITS-DEEP IN A WAR BETWEEN MY PARTNER **VLAD**, A CYBORG, AN UNDEAD MERC, A BIRD-THEMED VIGILANTE AND A **LEGION OF SLASHER SUPERHEROES.**

ALL OF THAT STUFF HE SAID? TOTAL NONSENSE. BUT AS LONG AS I HAVE--

SCREAMS AND BLOOD.

IT'S WHERE *I'M* AT HOME TOO.

YOU. WHY DO YOU HAVE *MY FACE?*

WHO THE LIVING FUCK *ARE* YOU?

I'M JANE. NURSE JANE. SECRETARY JANE. ASSISTANT JANE.

DAMN IT, JANE!

"I'M A YOUNG WOMAN.

"VICTIMIZED BY MONSTERS, I FIGHT BACK, DESPITE THE EXPECTATIONS OF THE WORLD AROUND ME.

"AND I WIN. AGAIN. AND AGAIN.

"AND AGAIN."

YOU'RE A SENTIENT HYPER-CONCEPT FROM THE... Y'KNOW WHAT, FUCK IT. YOU'RE ***A LIVING STORY.*** I'VE MET YOUR TYPE BEFORE.

THEN YOU ALREADY KNOW WHAT I SUSPECT.

WHEN ***SYBIL THE SUN SORCERESS*** TURNED ON ME, AND USED MY POWER TO FUEL HER ***BRIGADE...***

THE UNIVERSE RESPONDED TO THE LOSS OF AN ENDURING CONCEPT, BY FILLING THE GAP.

IT PICKED ANOTHER YOUNG WOMAN. IT VICTIMIZED HER WITH MONSTERS.

IT CREATED ***YOU.***

POOR SYBIL WAS FROM A WORLD OF BRIGHT MARVELS. SHE WASN'T FIT FOR THIS DARKER ONE YOU AND I KNOW SO WELL.

IT BROKE HER, AND ALL SHE COULD CREATE WAS FEAR AND HATE.

THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THE BEINGS SHE MADE FROM GETTING OUT INTO THE WORLD AND MAKING EVERYTHING A WHOLE LOT DARKER... IS TO ***KILL ME.***

BUT, YOU SHOULD KNOW... IF WE'RE CORRECT... IF OUR LIVES AND FACES ARE MORE THAN SIMPLE COINCIDENCE...

...THEN MY DEATH ENSURES YOUR LIFE WILL CONTINUE IN THE PATH YOU ONCE TREAD.

WHATEVER VICTORIES YOU'VE HAD WILL BE UNDONE. THE MONSTERS WILL RETURN, AND EVEN AS YOU WIN, OTHERS WILL SUFFER.

YOU'LL GO BACK TO THE LIFE OF BLOOD AND SCREAMS.

AND YOU'LL BE AT HOME FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.

CASSIE! DON'T DO IT, DAMN IT! MAYBE ME 'N' HAWKBOY CAN FUZE UP AGAIN AND CALL IN SOME MAGIC GUY--!

SHUT YOUR FLAG-HOLE, OLD MAN!

GHK!

SHNAK

CASSANDRA!

I...

I WILL GIVE MY HAND TO GUIDE YOU BACK.

VLAD...

I KNOW.

SHOOM

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LATER.

HEY, THANKS FOR THE LIFT, MAN...

LET'S CALL THAT CASHING IN YOUR ONE FAVOR, EDDIE.

RIGHT.

LOOK. WE ALL LOST SOMETHING TODAY. WE *BLED.*

BUT WE WON. THE DAY WAS SAVED FROM EVIL AND ALL OF THAT. THIS WORKED. *WE* WORKED.

MAYBE WE CAN DO IT AGAIN. LET THAT NUTTER KEEP THE OLD TEAM NAME. LET'S START ANEW. SOMETHING "BLOOD."

I CAN ALMOST SEE IT, BUT--

HELL YEAH, MAN. *BLOOD FORCE!*

NO.

YOU GUYS GO LIVE YOUR STORY. I HAVE TO GO LIVE MINE.

AND, TRUST ME...

...YOU DON'T WANT TO BE ANY PART OF IT.

HACK/SLASH:
KILL YOUR IDOLS
part 6
by Seeley, Leister, Russel, and crank!

THE END.